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THE

BUCKSHOT WAR;

OR THE

LAST KICK OF ANTI-MASONRY.

A BURLESQUE MEDLEY—POETIC, PROSAIC, HUMOROUS, SATIRICAL &C.

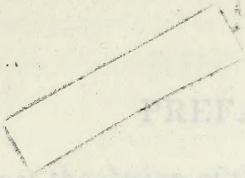
By PELEG STURTEVANT.

"I have attained the highest point of all my greatness."—OTHELLO.

But such a *fall*—Oh '*twas* a fall—
And long to be remembered.

HARRISBURG.

1839.



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PREFATORY.

It is not the design of the author to give a connected *history* of the scenes which degraded the capital of our state, in December last—it is already before the world, to the eternal disgrace of the *precious few*, who now find themselves, like Cromwell,

"Damned to everlasting fame."

The only weapon worth fighting *such* opponents with, is the lash of ridicule. Whether I have, or not, treated the subject as it deserves, is respectfully left to the decision of those who may take the trouble of *reading* what I have taken the trouble to *write*.

I had promised to give a sketch of the trial of the rascally "*rebels*," who were indicted at the January court for *preserving the peace* and the "supremacy of the laws," during the "ides of December;" but no trial was had, and probably never will be. The few proceedings had in the case, are given in the appendix.

P. S.

THE

BUCKSHOT WAR;

OR,

THE LAST KICK OF ANTI-MASONRY.

In days of Yore, 'twas much in use
For *rhymesters* to invoke the Muse.
But what can *Muses* have to do
With scenes like those *I* have in view?
Who could expect the "tuneful nine"
Would e'er Parnassus' wreath entwine
Around a scene which, spite of fate,
Has brought disgrace upon the state.
So then, without their special aid,
I've nought to do but go ahead.

The primary causes that led to that excitement, (which, but for the untiring exertions, and watchful vigilance of the "Committee of Safety," and the patriotic and determined stand taken by the democratic members of the legislature, might have been attended with most serious consequences,) may be distinctly traced to the unhallowed and unprecedented course pursued by the Secretary of the Commonwealth, and the President of the board of Canal Commissioners, immediately after the result of the election of 1838 was known.

A *coward*, one—the other, *juggler* foul—
And both smelt strong of villainy.

For the sin of that transaction, in the first instance, the nominal governor cannot be accountable. The coward took him by his weak side, and the juggler by his blind side; and moulded him to their own purposes and views. The Speaker of the Senate helped to work the wires behind the curtain, until all things were arranged; and then played that prominent part in this intricate game which has justly been allotted to him.

With all his conceited political *foresight*, however, he has already found, (to his regret as it is charitably hoped,) that the political party, and the devoted personal friends, who "warmed him into existence"—who made him what he *was*, a popular favorite: not what he *is*, the degraded leader of an unprincipled faction—cannot readily brook his wanton desertion of their interests, at a time when his services were most needed to oppose the reckless course of the lower House, in 1835-6. But more of this, anon.

A secret meeting of those redoubtable worthies who had conspired to retain the ruling power in their hands, despite the voice of the people, is supposed to have been held in the anti-masonic lodge room at No. ——, ——— street, for the purpose of an interchange of sentiment, and of forming, if possible, a concert of action. Mr. Dunlop's "indefatigable" printer, who declared, in his demi-semi-official organ, soon after the election, that the federal "members from the county of Philadelphia *would* have their seats, *peaceably* if possible, but *forcibly* if otherwise," was nominated as warden, *pro tempore*, of the lodge.

Theophilus objected, on the ground that Emanuel had "let the cat out of the bag" by his premature disclosure of their intentions, and had thus been the means of bringing upon us a horde of lawless Philadelphia butchers, who would, at any time, sooner smell blood than pickled codfish.

Thaddy observed, that this was the very reason which prompted him to place his "indefatigable" friend at the door. He would be obliged to keep *all* his eyes and ears open; and if there should be any intruders, the warden would be the first one to suffer. Whereupon he was ordered to repair to his post, and keep a shark look-out for *breakers*.

"Recollect," says Charley, "we have nothing to do with the other house to-night—they will manage their business well enough, I'll warrant. My friend from Adams has fixed that matter, I presume"—

Thaddy nodded "Aye sir."

"Then our business is, to look to the Senate. I shall take the chair, and *keep* it, swear into their seats all our friends who are *not* elected, and keep out all the democrats that *are* elected."

"That's all we want," said Burrowes, "now let's club a fund to pay our to-night's expenses."

"But," says Josey, "what has been done with all the money that I borrowed from Mr. Biddle? There was a mighty great bunch of it; and I may have to tell, some time or other, what has become of it."

"Why," replied the "*Unchained*," "don't you know how the secret 'Missionary Fund' was constituted?"

"Not exactly: Burrowes tried to explain it to me; but somehow it was such a confounded crooked piece of business, that, for my life, I could'nt make head or tail of it."

"Well, then, the engineers on the public works were directed to over-measure the work; in other words, to report more work done than had been done. This surplus was divided among the contractors to be used by them, either in buying votes or betting on the election, as the case might be, all of which is consequently lost. So there's no use in whining or fretting about it."

"But how are we to pay the money back again?"

"Why, I'll tell you: Burrowes and I have got matters so fixed that our friends from the county of Philadelphia *will have* their seats, for a few days any how, *right or wrong;* and during that time, we can provide for the payment of the loan from the bank—knock the new constitution into *pi* if we choose, elect canal commissioners, United States Senator, &c.—in short, have all of Porter's business ready done to his hands; and then we can snap our fingers in the faces of the rascally locos, with as much impunity as we did after we had hoodwinked, cable-towed, and red-breeched an *honest* democratic Senate, and thus secured to *our friends* the *perpetual* blessing of an *eternal* bank with an *everlasting* big capital, the benefits of which will be *substantially* felt by some of us, when at least two-thirds of the present "generation of vipers" (for what else are the loco focos) will be only "*found* among the *missing*."

Thaddy drew a long breath, as much as to say, "I feel pretty considerably exhausted."

"But," says the governor, "suppose this cock won't fight? You can't turn up Jack at every deal; and I much fear that, in our bold attempts to retain power by such means, we shall come off very much as the Englishman did with his new gun, when he had it overcharged;

> "Which, whether aimed at duck or plover,
> Kick'd back, and knocked its owner over."

"Never fear that, sir; our plan is too carefully laid, and there are too many engaged in it, to admit of a possibility of our failing in its accomplishment."

"Well, go ahead; but while I hope for the best, I fear for the worst; as a smarter man than I am, said before me."

The conclave then adjourned, to dream of beatings, bull dogs, bowies and butchers—of "treason, stratagem and spoil"—any thing in fact, but those pleasant sensations which only arise, in sleep, from a clear conscience and a just cause.

FOURTH OF DECEMBER.

"*Now comes the tug of war.*"

At an early hour the Senate room was crowded with spectators; but no disturbance of any note occurred, until two individuals were sworn in as Senators, who had *never been elected*. The citizens became

justly indignant at this high-handed usurpation of power, and very soon effected their object—the only one they had in view—of *frightening* the tyrants who had thus basely trampled upon their rights as freemen.

It became too evident to the Senatorial conspirators that a storm was brewing, and a proposition was made to adjourn. The Sergeant-at-arms very modestly addressed the *mob*—

> "Good sirs, stand back, and let the Speaker pass."

But, owing to the dense and excited crowd, a passage could not readily be effected.

> Sage "Biddle blooded" *Speaker* then arose—
> Smiled on his friends, and frowned upon his foes—
> And said to himself, the affair might lead to *blows*
> Which he had no ambition to receive:—
> "For, now," *thought* he, "I really do believe
> That our big door, which just now stood wide open,
> The bloody, butchering crew have put a *stop* on;
> And mean to give my neck a new cravat
> Made out of *hempen* stuff—a neckcloth that
> Would make a fellow pale as indigo,
> And that's too blue for *my* use any how.
> Open the window—I will take a leap—
> Mayhap I may my just deserts escape."

And so he did. But 'twould have done one's very heart and liver good, and have been worth more to a dyspeptic hypocondriac than a wheelbarrow load of Brandreth's pills, (which, by the way, may be, like some of our anti-masonic leaders, very good *in their places;* that is to say, shut up in a sealed box, driving a team in the Black Swamp, peddling horizontal

spinners, or "sittin' on a rail,") to have seen the redoubtable Knight of the Long Legs, when he was half way between the window and the pavement, looking piteously back to his *starting* point, fearfully forward to his *ending* point, trembling like the rebel angels in their descent through chaos, and exclaiming like Roderigo,

"Oh help me here;"

Or, rather, with Cassio,

"O, I am spoiled, undone by villains!
Give me some help!"

However, he *landed*, "safe and sound;" and that was a wonder, which can only be accounted for by the total *absence* of every thing in the shape of CORPOROSITY, and the *presence* of a goodly share of that peculiar NERVE which is said to have ever characterized even the most distant descendants of the '*Biddles*'; and which, in all probability, would be a sufficient protection against the consequences of a TUMBLE from the *bottom* of the deepest volcano in the planet Herschel, to the *top* of the highest mountain in the moon;—supposing, in the mean time, that Herschel, (like political anti-masonry at the present day,) was *bottom* side up, and the moon *t'other* side up.

But, "to *proceed* with the cause," [as the "Unchained" is reported to have said, when he had consumed six hours' time, a fraction of the left lobe of his lungs, two bottles of wine, a *bran new* periwig, the skin of three knuckles, and two-thirds of the patience

of the court, jury and audience, in labouring to prove that *black* was *white*—that the supposed difference in the pretended different colors only existed in the excited imaginations and deranged optical organs of interested witnesses—and, moreover, that a notorious doxy might be as chaste, pure, honest, and virtuous, as Queen Victoria,] I will *pause*, for a moment, and leave Charley at a *safe stopping* place:—although,

> "Nine feet he fell—the brittle pavement shrunk,
> And felt a strange confusion in his fall"—
> Unknown before by brickbats made of clay,
> Intended only to be trod by Senators
> True to the honorable trust confided
> In them, by their constituents.

But, though he was now perfectly safe; and, in fact, was so before he fled from fancied danger; his distempered imagination, (made worse, perhaps, by certain twinges of conscience which will sometimes afflict persons in his peculiar situation,) converted every thing he saw into instruments of death and torture. Every lamp post was a gallows; and every zephyr teemed with threats of vengeance from "a lawless and infuriated mob" of rascally loco foco butchers, who, as he believed, would as soon "put a bullet through his thorax," as a knife through the *breathing pipe* of a fat ox.

After taking a momentary survey of the surrounding scenery, he fortunately discovered at a distance, a clump of bushes, the *rear* of which, promised him a temporary refuge. Three steps, a hop, a skip, and a jump, (he had just proved himself, for the second

time, a *jumper* of the first water,) brought him to the desired haven, where he curled, or rather curved his carcass into something like the shape of an italic *ampersand*; and then cast

"One longing, lingering look behind;"

when who should he see but Stevens, and a few others, who had taken a flight for fashion's sake, perhaps, through the newly adopted, and, at any rate newly used *liberty hole*—looking back upon the scenes within, apparently with as much composure as if the isthmus connecting their head and shoulders had been regularly insured by the *honest* Dr. Dyott.

They soon disappeared, however, and left Charley, in his unenviable retirement, sufficient leisure to ruminate and soliloquize on the peculiarity and supposed danger of his unpleasant situation.

"A sad business, this," *thought* he, for he feared to *speak* it, lest he might be overheard by some bloody minded rogue of a butcher—"a sad business, indeed. For swearing *in* two individuals as Senators who were *not* entitled to seats, I much fear that I am sworn *out* of a seat to which I *am* entitled, or at least *ought* to be, by virtue of the beautiful apportionment bill, which kicked the stubborn little county of Perry out of the limits of my senatorial domain, and secured, for the *last time*, my re-election to the Senate."

Albeit, not being in the vein for producing much original, partly in consequence of his being still haunted by the uncomely ghost of the metamorphosed lamp post, and partly owing to some uncomfortable reflections engendered by a hasty comparison between

the relative comforts of a feather bed at Wilson's, and a bed of bulrushes in a swamp, he concluded to while away the time till nightfall, by making quotations, as applicable as possible to his present predicament.

"Alas," he exclaimed, in mental agony—

"This is the state of man;
To-day he puts forth the tender leaves of hope—
To-morrow blossoms, and bears his blushing honors
Thick upon him:—the third day comes a frost,
A killing frost—and when he thinks
Full surely his greatness is a ripening,"
Then he falls as I have done.

"But I have one consolation, I shall not fall alone; that is, if I can get safe to Wilson's; and as the coast *seems* clear, I'll uncoil myself, and ascertain whether it is *actually* clear."

"Upon this hint he acted."

And, *unwinding* himself as carefully as a silk reeler would do a knotty cocoon, he stretched himself like a boa constrictor when waking from a long nap, after dining on a full grown tiger, and took a cursory survey of the surrounding scenery in *general*, and of the post which he had recently evacuated, in *particular*.

Every thing was silent, and every thing *safe*. The noble Capitol of our noble State stood where it had been built, unburnt and uninjured. No 'lawless mob' was to be seen, no cries of vengeance were to be heard.

"Softly I'll to my tent,"

says Charley:—

"Mayhap the rogues no longer thirst for blood,"

and I'm pretty sure that a warm supper, especially after such a cool dinner as I have had, would be very acceptable to my stomach. So, here goes for Wilson's —a slice of beef, a bottle of wine, a quizzing from my comrades, a dread of the mob, a careful examination of my room, unlucky omens, portentious dreams, and —TO-MORROW :—

"*To-morrow*! Who knows what *that* will bring!"

Off he popped, whispering, (loud enough, however to be overheard by a stranger who had secreted himself, for a moment, in the neighborhood, on *business* of his own,) in the language of Richard III:

"By the Apostle Paul, *skadows* to-night
Have struck more terror to my haunted soul
Than could the *presence* of ten thousand soldiers."

"Don't be scairt," said the stranger, utterly unconscious of the dignity *legally* attached to the personage by whom he had been so unexpectedly disturbed— "Don't be scairt, I don't want to hurt nobody, and if you do, only jist say the word; I don't want any o' them ten thousand *sojers* that you're talkin' about to help me; I can do the job for you *alone*, in a *leetle* less time than 'twould take a Yankee to snap off the head of a saucy and treacherous rattlesnake, and that's done in less than *no* time."

By this time, Charley was out of sight; and report says that after his arrival at his lodgings, it took three of the best members of three professions, (i. e. Law, Physic, and Divinity,) to restore to his philosophy, or rather to his courage, (which had all "oozed out at his fingers' ends,") a proper equilibrium, in order to ena-

ble his physical organs to perform their regular and natural functions.

As nerves most elastic and pliable, are, in many cases, the most easily restored to their regular action, so it was with our *patient*. He dreaded *phlebotamizing*, every body knew it. But the moment he was assured by his co-partners in distress, that no *personal* danger was to be apprehended, at least for the present, he brushed up his curly locks, "grinned a ghastly smile," and *called for his supper*;' where we leave him and his associates, while we take a bird's eye peep into the House of Representatives; that is, of their doings, on the same eventful fourth of December.

Here we find the same game *attempted* to be played which produced the confusion in the Senate, but it was not so successfully carried through. Though Cunningham had a Bible (or something that looked very much like one) in his *pocket*—placed there in anticipation of the result of the ballot for Speaker—on the sacred pages of which, he was *to be*, and actually *was*, sworn in as Speaker of the House of Representatives, and a portion of his friends were sworn in, on the same book, as members of the same House; still, when they found that the democrats had a majority, they proposed to retire from the Hall, and were allowed to do so peaceably.

To return to the conspirators:

Finding themselves thus far defeated in all their plans, they held another midnight conclave, to consult on the propriety, expediency, and *safety*, of declaring open war against the ballot box, by execu-

ting the threat which had been made in advance by the "indefatigable Guyer," of *forcibly* constituting a House of Representatives, which should do their bidding, and be subservient to their will.

At this meeting, the "Commander in Chief"—the *quondam* "Hero of the Black Swamp"—was directed, by his advisers, to call out a thousand troops, and more, if necessary, to preserve the *honor* of the state, protect the *persons* of its rulers, quell the "rascally *insurrection*," and

> "Put to flight the army of the *rebels*,"

(as they were termed by the cowardly *conspirators*,) consisting of some forty or fifty unarmed citizens, who claimed nothing but their just and constitutional rights.

"Yes," says the governor—trembling, like an old corn basket in a whirlwind, for the safety of his own dear self—"I'll have the town lined with troops, well provided with buckshot and bullets."

"Aye, aye," says Burrowes—

> Throw buckshot at the *little* democrats—
> And bullets at the *big* ones, lest, perchance,
> The shot should prove too light for their huge bodies.

"That's right," says the *papa* of the tape worm, "and we'll do still more:

> We'll have a quantum of those small
> Round iron things, called cannon ball."
> "Good, sir," said Charley, "that will do—
> 'Twill make the rogues keep *balls* in view,
> As we did *hemp* three hours ago:
> But, sir, least said of that, you know,
> May be the best, some day, for us,

When knowing ones might make a *fuss*;
And call us all a pack of cowards,
The blood of *Biddles* and of "Howards"

'to the contrary notwithstanding,' as we law makers say at the tail end of a long section of a long act, which not one man in fifty (the rascally loco focos of Perry county always excepted) would understand by its *title*, and still less from the phraseology of the bill itself."

"True," echoed Stevens, "who but *us* would have dreamed that a bill 'to repeal a tax,' was meant to incorporate a bank with power sufficient to control the currency of the Union."

"Oh!" groaned the governor, "but not big enough to secure my re-election, or finish your tape worm."

"Oh!" groaned the whole party, and then adjourned.

Pursuant to the order of the conspirators, the peaceable borough of Harrisburg was converted into a military camp, which, in the space of one week, without a gun being fired, cost the honest yeomanry of Pennsylvania, the *trifling* sum of *one hundred and forty-seven thousand dollars!* This was one of the fruits of the "buckshot war," and one of the great struggles of expiring anti-masonry.

The scenes of the memorable "ten days" are too well known to need repetition.

That the "Cunningham House" was no House at all, (not having a majority of the members present at their first meeting,) was well known to every one; and whether, or not, to recognize the Hopkins House,

was now the question in the Senate. The Federal leaders spared no exertions to prevent the honest men of their party from voting honestly on the resolution, but all would not do—principle triumphed over corruption and intrigue.

To cap the climax, Messrs. Hanna and Wagner, who had no more business in the Senate, *as Senators*, than the Siamese twins, took an active part in the matter, and voted *nay;* while Messrs. Brown and Stevenson, who were fairly and honestly elected, and entitled to their seats, were merely allowed the privilege of *looking on*, like criminals in limbo with their arms tied, and the jail on fire.

The vote on the resolution stood as follows :—

YEAS—Messrs. Bell, of Chester, Caldwell, Carpenter, Case, Coplan, Frailey, of Schuylkill, Fullerton, Hays, Kingsbury, Michler, M'Conkey, Miller, of the city, Miller, of Berks, Myers, Rogers, Snyder, Strohm—17.

NAYS—Messrs. Barclay, Bell, of Huntingdon, Cassat, Ewing, Fraley, of the city, Hanna, Irvin, Killinger, Maclay, Paul, Pearson, Purviance, Sterret, Wagner, Williams, Penrose, Speaker—16.

Messrs. Case, Fullerton, Strohm, Miller of the city, M'Conkey, and Michler, are the six Senators who were denounced by the opposition as having "proved recreant to their trust; disgraced their constituents; degraded the commonwealth, and dishonored the state;" when, in fact, had they not sacrificed *party feeling* on the altar of *public good*, we should probably have been, at this moment, without a legislature, and the commonwealth in a state of anarchy.

After order had been restored in the councils of the state by the disbandment of the *army*, and the recognition of the House by the Senate, out comes Mr. *Horizontal*, (the hero of two wars and twenty floggings,) with the following exquisite tirade:—

"The deed done—Pennsylvania disgraced—Mob rule triumphant—the Constitution and laws trampled under foot by the Senate."

This caption would have been true enough, had it been published on the 5th of December, that is, so far as it respects the Senate; but in this case, it must be applied by the rule of *contraries*. If restoring a government to its constitutional action which, for a time, had no existence, be trampling upon the constitution and laws, then, indeed, are the Senate guilty. Mr. Fenn proceeds:—

"We have the unwelcome news to communicate to our readers that the Senate have this day, after a protracted sitting, recognized the Loco Foco branch of the House of Representatives, known as the "Hopkins House," as a legally and constitutionally organized body, by a vote of 17 to 16.

"This same Senate, but a few days since, declared by a solemn vote of 13 to 20, that this same 'Hopkins House' was 'no House of Representatives legally constituted,' and that all their acts were null and void."

It was this first vote of the Senate which outraged the constitution and laws of Pennsylvania, and 'disgraced and degraded [some of] those who were SWORN to protect her institutions.' A noble few, however, possessed sufficient discernment to discover their error, and the moral courage to acknowledge it, by finally voting for the act of recognition, and thus saving, instead of trampling on, the constitution.

One thing I had almost overlooked, but it is not too late to notice it here, namely, the extraordinary circular of Burrowes, in which he calls on his friends to "treat the election as if they had not been defeated, and in that attitude abide the result." The *object* of this singular document is as plain to every man of common sense, as the sun in a clear day is to vision. Large bets had been made, and *lost;* and these were not to be given up. The redoubtable Secretary himself had "suffered a *few*," and some of his political friends had suffered still worse.

Another paragraph in this circular deserves special notice, as being the most prominent *truth* contained in it :—

"In the districts in which the friends of Joseph Ritner had the *control of the elections*, a moderate increase of votes for him, arising from *sufficient and well known causes*, took place."

This is a precious confession, and one for which Tommy deserves credit. It applies very aptly to certain election districts *where more votes were polled for Ritner, than there were legal voters in the districts*, to say nothing of the votes polled for Porter ; and these districts were "under the control of the friends of Joseph Ritner!" Witness, for instance, the Millerstown box in Adams county, the Morristown box in Huntingdon county, and the Youngwomanstown box in Lycoming county ; in each of which, our immaculate and ever-to-be-remembered Ex-Governor, received more *votes*, than there were *voters*—partly at the expense of the "Missionary Fund," and partly at

the expense of interested individuals. No wonder that Burrowes was aware of the "well known causes" which gave Ritner an increase of votes in those boxes

The following are the names of the members of both Houses of the Legislature who proved true to their trust, in the teeth of buckshot, bullets, and cannon ball.

SENATORS.

W. T. Rogers	Thomas S. Bell
Henry Myers	Samuel Hays
John Miller	Michael Snyder
Wm. F. Coplan,	E. Kingsbury, jr.
Samuel L. Carpenter	Charles Frailey.
James Caldwell	

REPRESENTATIVES.

Wm. Hopkins, Speaker	Samuel Strohecker
William M'Kinstry	Henry Longaker
C. Foster	Miles N. Carpenter
Charles Chandler, jr.	Robert E. James
R. Bredhead, jr.	T. H. Brittain
Adam Schoener	James R. Snowden
W. B. Anderson	John W. Nesbitt
Samuel Penrose	Thomas J. Heston
Lewis B. Cole	William Andrews
Samuel Fegely	W. Reynolds, of Westmoreland
E. W. Hamlin	James Woodburn
J. H. Laverty	Martin Shearer
Joseph Douglas	Charles D. Jones
Wm. R. Gorgas	Jacob Work
M. W. Coolbaugh	Charles Evans,
B. Crispin	Abraham Hill
John Park	Charles W. Hegins
Levi Hoge	G. Hare
Wm. Mortimer	William P. Wilcox
Jacob S. Yost	John Hill
Abraham Helfenstein	Willam Field
Stokes L. Roberts	Charles Pray
Thomas B. M'Elwee	Robert Love
R. P. Flenniken	John W. Ryan
Martin Loy	Michael Ritter
James Kerr	William Colt
D. F. Barstow	Jacob Walborn
Frederick Smith	J. Bruner.

Messrs. Butler, Sturdevant, and Montelius, are entitled to *double* credit, for the course which they pursued, when they found their party *determined* to oppose the voice of the people.

"Hung be the heavens in black,"

exclaimed Stevens, "for this foul recognition of an illegitimate House. I'll never sit in it, nor will I resign my seat. If they wish my presence, (which, from appearances, I think is more than doubtful,) they can make use of the same means to bring me before them, that I did to bring witnesses before the Grand *Inquisitorial* Tribunal, (constituted at *my* instance, by *my* legislature,) which formed itself into a Grand *Inquisition*, and appointed *me* its Grand *Inquisitor*, to ascertain, and make known to an *Inquisitive* public, the dangerous principles, and hitherto inscrutible secrets of "Free-Masonry," and of the "Independent Order of Odd Fellows."

He drew another long breath, and then proceeded:

"I got a man from the state of New York to swear that every word that Morgan said before his martyrdom, relative to masonry, was as true as the authenticated history of Herschel's discoveries in the Moon; and somebody in Pittsburg, who, for want of employment, had leisure to think and meditate, carefully and seriously, on the matter, had sworn that he *believed*

that I had all the secrets appertaining to the order of "*Odd Fellowship.*" But the moment that I attempted to take advantage of all this important information, I found, to my sorrow, (*pecuniary* matters excepted,) that, in grabbing for a shad, I had only caught a crab."

Another long breath, and the Grand Inquisitor partly said and partly *sung*, the following characteristic

RECITATIVE.

I am off for the *Faro* to-night—
A hundred to one that I'll win;—
The *demo's* and *anties* may fight,
And on their own heads rest the sin;
Five hundred BANK dollars, to me
Are worth more than a seat in the House:
And since all have *agreed* to *agree*,
I would not give the *wig* of a mouse

for the proceedings of both Houses put together. One half of them are bigger *rogues* than I am, and the other half bigger *fools*. So it's a clear case that I have no business among them. Then

I am off for the Faro to night—
And if I should lose all my money,
The devil a bit of a bite
Will I find for a breakfast, my honey;

"And then——"

"Stop" says the governor, "as you seem to know more about that matter than any body else, you can draw on the "Missionary Fund" for enough to last you for a ——"

"Stop yourself—if you please; you know I told you that *that* fund was gone, long ago. But never mind,

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I am off for the Faro to-night—
Some rascally loco I'll cheat,—
But 'twill not be *second* time quite,
Nor the *first* nor the *third* that I've beat
The best democrat they could produce—
True I once met a trifling defeat,
But to speak of that now's of no use,
For I've made a most saucy retreat,

and I will not serve either party, at least, not for their *good*."

"No, nor never did," said the governor, "you only went for *your own* good, and have thus made me a laughing stock——"

"Quit that, now—I've no time to hear it.

I'm off for the Faro to-night—
Five hundred is always worth having,
But of *Hopkins* a twice-a-day sight
Is not worth a carpenter's shaving,
One half that I win I'll expend,
(Even though it was only a dollar)
In 'treating some old Yankee friend,
Or in making Peg's John a good scholar."

It is said that he saddled his tape worm the next day, and took a ride to parts unknown, with the last remains of antimasonic humbuggery in his *baggage car*.

CONCLUSIONS.

If Secretary Burrowes had not fraudulently withheld the correct and legal returns from Philadelphia county, there would have been no occasion for an *army* in Harrisburg.

If the Speaker of the Senate had not violated his duty to the *State*, as he once did to his more immediate constituents, the same evil would have been avoided, and more than three hundred thousand dollars saved to her treasury.

If the six Senators who have been denounced as traitors by their party, had adhered to the stand taken by *city Fraley* and his friends, we should now be without a government by the representatives of the people, and have had *mob* law to our satisfaction.

Finally, if the leaders of the party who claim to be "all the decency," and are the first to cry out *mob*, had behaved themselves *honorably* and *honestly*, there would have been no "Buckshot War," and perhaps they would not so *soon* have been compelled to witness the "Last Kick of Anti-masonry."

APPENDIX.

CONTAINING ALL THE PROCEEDINGS HAD RELATIVE TO THE TRIAL OF THE INDIVIDUALS ARRAIGNED FOR "RIOT AND CONSPIRACY" AT THE APRIL TERM OF THE COURT OF QUARTER SESSIONS FOR DAUPHIN COUNTY.

HARRISBURG, APRIL 24, 1839.

Messrs. Stevens, Burrowes and Penrose, who sought to overturn the Government in December, and perpetuate the wicked reign of federalism, against the decision of the ballot boxes, appeared in town last week to direct and conduct the prosecution against a few of the patriotic citizens who resisted and defeated their treasonable conspiracy—Mr. Robespierre Stevens, took his seat in the bar of the court as dictator to the commonwealth's counsel, and Messrs. Danton Burrowes and Marat Penrose appeared as chief witnesses to swear to any thing that might be necessary to convict the democrats bound over in attendance. Thus those political desperadoes, now as in December, each assumed his part, and made use of the new tools which they assumed, in a vain attempt to save themselves from unmitigated disgrace.

Thursday was the day set for trial, and on the morning of that day were Robespierre, Danton and Marat seen moving about the streets, with countenances creamed over with malice as if now their victims were in their power, and they were about to reek their pent-up vengeance upon those who had thwarted their treason in December and exposed their vile plots to the burning gaze of a justly incensed public. The court house was crowded when the session commenced. All the lictors, satraps, and scavengers of antimasonry were there, with gloating looks, for the amiable purpose of seeing the trial and condemnation of those rascally democrats who had put down federal usurpation, dethroned Ritner, detected and disgraced Robespierre, Danton and Marat, and prevented the speaker of the senate from exercising the office of governer.

The editors of the Telegraph, Chronicle and Intelligencer were there, each with his note book and pens to take down an account of the trial, and publish the disgrace of the "*rebels*," accompanied with a set *Phillippic* against democrats and all who oppose federal domination. This triumvirate seated themselves at the counsel table, and rivalled each other in looks of modesty and amiability. Three more *striking* visages are seldom arrayed in one row, and than his of the Telegraph, never has one been more *struck*.

When the Court called on the counsel for the prosecution to proceed with this case, John A. Fisher, Esq. stated that they desired to have the benefit of a full panel; that a Jury was now out, and they wished the case to be delayed until it should come in. In reply to a question from the court, *George W. Barton*, Esq. remarked, the defendants would say nothing until called on to plead, when they would announce the course which they intended to take.

Mr. FISHER: We intend to try the defendants only two or three or four at a time; may be only one, as we see proper.

Mr. BARTON: It will not be exactly as the gentleman sees proper, either: possibly, *we* may have a word or two to say on the subject.

Mr. FISHER: I mean as will be proper under the laws of the land.

Mr. BARTON: Ah, that may chance somewhat to vary the complexion of the matter.

The absent jury having returned, (which had been out all night) were dismissed by the court, for a short time for some refreshment. Mr. Fisher applied for an adjournment of an hour, which was refused by the court, the counsel for the defendants taking no part, neither objecting nor assenting.—After a somewhat protracted delay, the court stated that the case must now be proceeded with. The panel having been called over, and the jurors having answered to their names, Mr. Fisher stated that they would proceed to try the defendants separately, and called on Mr. Pray to plead.

When Mr. PRAY was called on to plead, Mr. BARTON rose and stated, that he had certain affidavits to present to the court, preliminary to a motion which, as one of the defendants, and as one of their counsel, he was about to make in their behalf.

Mr. FISHER strongly resisted the right of the defendants to have any affidavits presented *until they should have been submitted to the private inspection of the counsel for the prosecution, in order that* THEY *might judge of their pertinence and relevancy!!*

After the affidavits had been severally read, Mr. Barton proceeded to remark: That in bringing forward the affidavits which had just been submitted to the court, he was actuated by no spirit of resentment or hostility towards the individual whom they implicated. His motives had their origin in a solemn conviction of duty—of duty towards the defendants of whom he was one, and for whom he was counsel—of duty to the court, and to the honest yeomanry of Dauphin county, of whom so foul and shameful a libel had been proclaimed by the leading counsel for this prosecution. The defendants were well aware that no stone had been left unturned to prejudice and affect their case in the public eye; but they had not thought so badly of human nature as to believe that *direct* exertions would be used to tamper with the integrity of the very jury box itself, until this unguarded avowal of the prosecutors' mouthpiece had informed them of it so fully, that there was no room left for doubt. They had intended to plant their defence on the naked merits

of the case; rejecting all technicalities, waving all defects of form or substance, and relying on the intrinsic value of the evidence which could be adduced in their behalf. But when the most unequivocal evidence had been discovered and presented, as not merely a desire, but a *boast*, that the stream of justice had been or would be polluted at the very fountain head and source, he could not in the conscientious discharge of his duty as one of the counsel for the defendants, but take advantage of the manifold defects of both form and substance which had marked the whole proceedings of the prosecution, from the commencement to the present time. In an hour of unwonted or unsuspecting frankness, the rattle had been sounded, and it was not for the defendants to rush into the thicket where, self-avowed, the serpent lay coiled, when they could choose their own track He would move, therefore, that the indictment be quashed, for the following reasons:

The Commonwealth } In the court of quarter sessions of Dauphin county.
vs. } Bill found January sessions, 1839.
Charles Pray, *et al.* }

The court are respectfully asked to quash the above named bill of indictment, for the following reasons, viz:

1. The persons who acted as grand-jurors, and by whom the said bill was found, at the January sessions, A. D. 1839, had no authority by law to act in that capacity, not having been selected and returned according to the provisions of the several acts of assembly, directing the mode of selecting and returning jurors.

2. The sheriff and commissioners had no authority to select and return, as grand jurors, the persons who acted as such at the said January sessions, A. D. 1839, no *precept* having been issued by the court, to them, for that purpose' without which the whole proceedings were erroneous and illegal.

3. The sheriff and commissioners have not complied with the indispensable requisitions of the several acts of assembly, in the drawing and returning the persons who undertook to discharge the functions of grand jurors at the said sessions of January, 1839.

4. The persons who acted as grand jurors, and found the bill of indictment above mentioned, were incompetent in law to perform any such act, not having been summoned according to law, and under the authority of the court: no writ of *venire facias, under the seal of the court of quarter sessions*, having been issued to the sheriff and commissioners for that purpose.

5. The several provisions of the acts of assembly have not been complied with either in drawing, selecting, summoning, or returning the persons who acted as grand jurors, and found the said bill of indictment; consequently, all their acts are null and void, and the defendants cannot be called on to answer, but the bill must be *quashed*, the whole process having been defective, irregular and illegal.

6. The bill of indictment is in itself defective, in the requisites of sufficient and substantial averments.

7. It is defective and insufficient in the fact that it does not set forth the *addition* of the several defendants, but mentions merely their names; a want of *certainty* at utter variance with the well established and long settled rules of criminal pleading, and in non-compliance with the explict provisions of the *Statute of first Henry 5th*, which said statute is in full force in this commonwealth, and so declared to be by the judges of the supreme court of Pennsylvania, in their report of 1808, to the legislature of the state.

G. W. BARTON,
HAMILTON ALRICKS,
CHARLES C. RAWN. } Counsel for deft's.

Harrisburg, April 18. 1839.

After reading the foregoing reasons, Mr. Barton, remarked: That he would not, at that time, offer any arguments in their support. The defendants were entitled to the commencement and conclusion, and Messrs. Alricks and Rawn, who were associated with him in the defence, would proceed to put the court in possession of the various authorities, upon which the defendants relied; and when the prosecution had replied to their remarks, he (Mr. B.) would have the closing word, and enter into the argument at length, should he deem it necessary.

Mr. ALRICKS then proceeded in a powerful and conclusive address to the court, in the course of which, he adduced many authorities, showing that no such body as a grand jury had existed at the January sessions; and that the persons by whom the bill was found, had no power or right to act upon it. He had not concluded when the court interrupted him, by stating that the time of adjournment had arrived, and directed an adjournment till half past two.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

MR. ALRICKS was about to resume his remarks when Mr. Fisher rose and said, that since the adjournment of the court, the counsel for the prosecution had satisfied themselves that the indictment could not be sustained; that it had been prepared in a hurry, and they, themselves, had never been perfectly satisfied of its sufficiency; That the want of a seal to the venire they conceded to be defective; and, as the defendants had applied to have the indictment quashed, he would not urge any objections; but that, at the August term of the court they would send up a new bill, or bills, as might be deemed proper. Mr. Fisher went on to say that certain affidavits had been read to the court in the morning, which had no bearing on the exceptions filed to quash the indictment, but had evidently been introduced from personal motives towards himself. The person by whom they had been introduced, had disclaimed any feelings of hostility, and he acquitted him, therefore, of such motives; but there were resident in and about Harrisburg, certain yelping curs who were continually barking at his heels and for whom he felt the most sovereign contempt—who had, no doubt, furnished the information with a view to suggest the course which had been taken, for the purpose of injuring him in the estimation of the community.

MR. BARTON replied: that the indictment having been abandoned, his present purpose was accomplished, and if Mr. Fisher had contented himself with simply

stating that the prosecutors could not reply to the objections of the defendants' counsel, and had stopped short at that point, he would have had nothing more to say. But as the learned counsel had gone on to make an elaborate statement in reference to the affidavits which had been filed and read in the morning, something of reply might not be considered superfluous. It did appear to him that, instead of deprecating the effect which the affidavits in question might have upon his interests or standing, or inquiring into the motives of those who prompted or prepared them, the learned counsel would have better consulted propriety and vindicated his character, by denying or explaining the statements therein set forth on solemn oath. On that head, the gentleman had been unaccountably silent. As to the "yelping curs" to whom he had referred, of Harrisburg origin and location, he (Mr. B.) knew nothing of and cared nothing for them, and would leave the settlement of such canine quarrels to the parties concerned. He desired the gentleman to understand that the affidavits which appeared to have so irritating an effect upon his sensitiveness, had been prepared exclusively by *him*; without consultation with any person or persons as to the expediency of so using the facts which those affidavits disclosed; and that if the gentleman had aught of vengeance to visit of the head of any one, on *his* should it fall, for he avowed, felt and held himself fully responsible, there and every where. But, he repeated, aught of malignity or hostility to Mr. Fisher he declaimed.

A sense of justice only, had prompted him to the course which had been pursued; and though not desirous of wounding the counsel's feelings, he had not paused to calculate the possibility of such a contingency. He gave the gentleman full notice, that he intended to take good care that these affidavits should be published to the world; that the public might pause and ponder upon the motives which prompted the prosecution, and the extraordinary manner in which it had been carried on. Mr. Fisher had spoken unguardedly—he had, in a paroxysm of candor, revealed the truth; and there were not wanting an abundance of circumstances to confirm it. Nothing had been spared to affect the public mind. Inflammatory appeals to prejudice had been published under the signatures of men, who were bound over to testify in behalf of the prosecution filled with scandalous and perverted details of the occurrences at the seat of government in December; which had been circulated most industriously in the presses of the very county where the trial was to be had after the finding, too, of the bill of indictment. The very bill of indictment, as soon as found, and before the defendants had been called on to plead, was thrust into the anti-masonic prints of Dauphin county; and obtruded upon the gaze of those by whom the cause was to be tried. Nay, that renowned political *Grimaldi*, the Speaker of the Senate, who had just returned from a sort of pilgrimage in the state of New York, where he had been roaming,

"The wandering outlaw of his own dark mind,"

in the somewhat ominous vicinity of Auburn or Sing Sing, had, this very week, while the trial was pending, published in the Harrisburg papers, the conclusion

of a statement in relation to those occurrences, filled with all manner of foulness and falsehood, and referring directly in that address to the "*judicial investigation*," which was just about to take place. All this, coupled with the declarations of Mr. Fisher, was sufficient to expose to the eye of the most incredulous, the glaring deformity and unhallowed character of this prosecution.

Mr. BARTON continued in the same strain, for a considerable length of time, to reply to the remarks of Mr. Fisher.

After which, a few further observations were made by Mr. Fisher, without, however, venturing to deny, in the most distant manner, the truth of the affidavits.

The court then directed five of the defendants to enter into recognisances, to appear at the next term to answer such charge as might then be alleged against them.

Thus has ended, for the present, this last scene in the conspirators' drama.

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